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Judge

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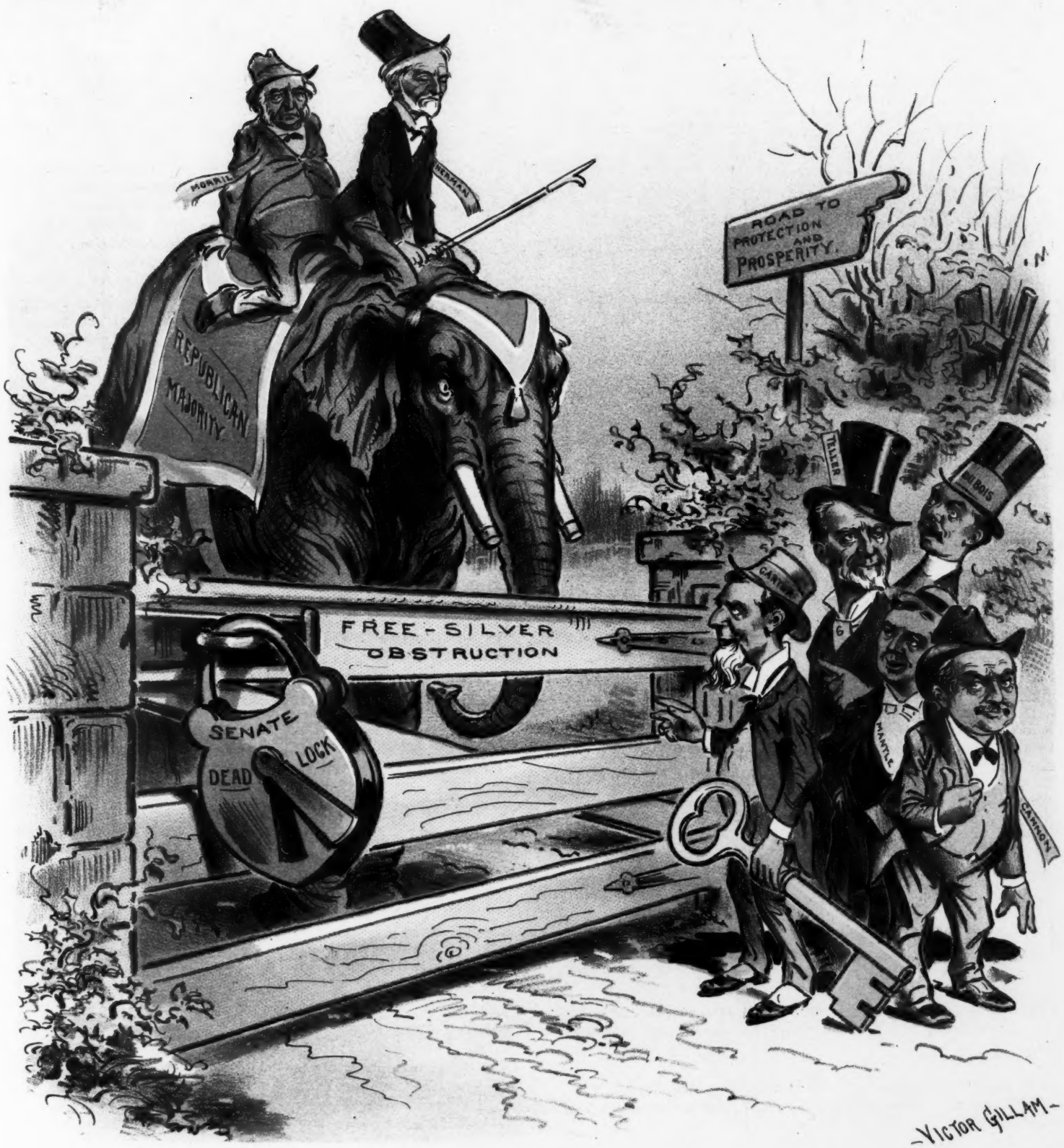

LOCKED.

THE FIVE REPUBLICAN FREE-SILVER SENATORS (*chorus*)—"You cannot get through until we have our way."

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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WHERE THE McKINLEY sits appears to be the head of the table.

* * *

INSULTS to the stars and stripes in Spain are honors to that good old banner.

* * *

ADLAI is ready to run for president, we think, on a free-silver platform—or any other.

* * *

THE SILVER SNAKE was thawed out by the Republican farmer, with the usual results.

* * *

THE GREEN of the descendants of Saint Patrick is worn for the most part over the left eye.

* * *

THE FORTUNE of our governor in the southern districts appears to be in the hands of T. Thomas

* * *

THIS CONGRESS is following out the Reed idea of doing nothing, but it is making a great fuss about it.

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE wanted to be the later Saint Patrick, but the Irish murders in Phœnix park put a stop to that.

* * *

THE INSURGENTS against Rooseveltism in this city are not shot, but they are so annoyed that they sometimes wish they might be.

* * *

WILL THE PRESIDENT appoint a committee to investigate the salvation-army question and its relations with the Monroe doctrine?

* * *

IT IS A SELFISH and a sinful church that has its bells going at unreasonable hours—and all hours are unreasonable for that abominable noise.

* * *

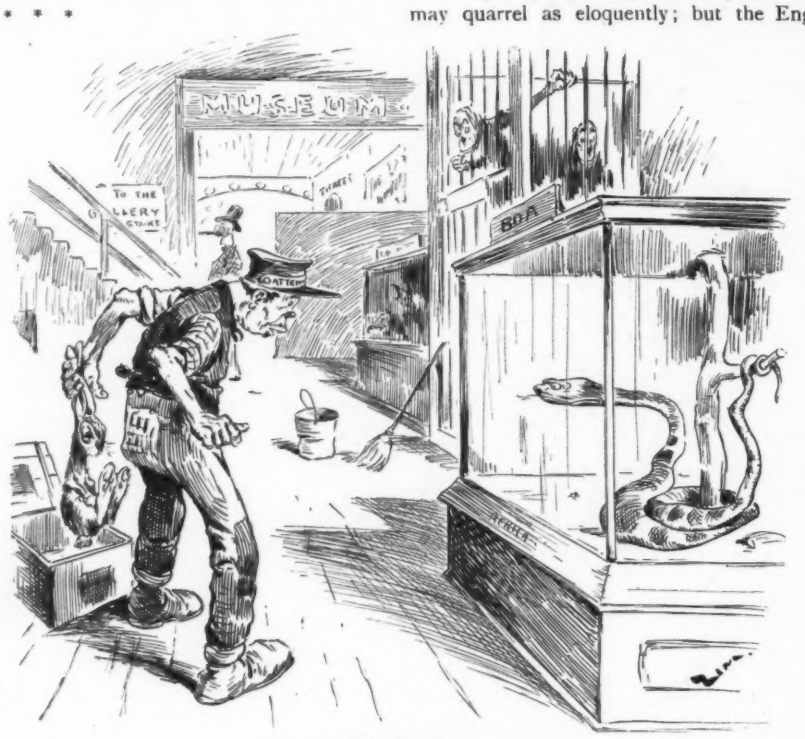
WHEN MR. PLATT sang in the choir the officiating clergyman frequently asked in a bewildered way, "Are you running this church or am I?"

* * *

"MARK MY WORDS," says Mr. Corbett, "that man Fitz will never meet me." Does this account for Mr. Corbett's eagerness to meet him?

* * *

MR FLINT of the Dominion house of commons wants prohibition and says he believes that a law like the Maine law could be enforced in Canada. Mr. Flint has evidently been in Maine himself. While there he apparently drank copiously. He might have known that the liquor would ruin his constitution and turn his head.



PATRIOTISM.

CASEY (*dropping the rabbit back in the box after a second thought*)—"T'rash away there, yez hoongry riptile Oi'll cater t' no shnake on Saint Pathrick's day aven if Oi loses me job."

SELF AGAINST THE COUNTRY.

LEGISLATING at Washington for re-election is the art of putting the interests of individuals above those of the country. It is not patriotic and it doesn't pay. It has three times upset the majorities in congress within a few years. And the sugar senators would say so themselves if they hadn't got through talking.

THE PLATT NOISE.

MR. PLATT sang a song, and shortly thereafter called himself an ass. It has been said that Mr. Platt once had a fine tenor voice. The inference is that it has turned itself into a large, irregular and intolerable bass. Perhaps, however, he didn't intend any music when he last sang, but merely a call for his friends to come up and declare themselves for your uncle Levi.

THE COUNTRY'S INTELLECTUAL WEALTH.

IT IS A POOR STATE that hasn't a favorite son. The favored one may belong to either of the great parties, but he is there. In most cases he has been discovered already, and in the others he is putting his head up for recognition with a smile at the front of it that illuminates all the local skies. We haven't heard precisely from Kansas, but Mrs. Lease thinks it has a favorite daughter.

HURROO!

THE CAUSE of Ireland makes no progress. The contribution-box may be passed as persistently and the Irish members of parliament may quarrel as eloquently; but the English are not evicted and the snakes of landlords strike for their blood-money with all their old rapacity. But what the Irish lose in Ireland they gain in this republic; and at this time of year everybody wears the green and a pipe in his hat-band, and hurroos with all his might for the late Mr. Patrick.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

COMMANDER WALKER of the grand army perhaps doesn't express himself sufficiently. If the gray uniform is wholly objectionable, what must he think of the men who wore it? They are not dangerous now, but they must necessarily be more objectionable than the clothes they wore Speaking to the point, therefore, he doesn't want the reunion and the parade on the fourth of July or any other day. And it is a pity. It ought to be the privilege of conquerors to be generous, especially where there is no question as to the entire loyalty of the conquered.

THOSE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

THERE IS A KIND of Christian humility that is not consistent with self-respect. The old question of taxation without representation comes up with the differences between the English and American branches of the salvation army, and it is possible to imagine both a dishonorable peace and a Christian revolution. The Ballington Booths have a great property responsibility devolving upon them, and cowardice is not praiseworthy in either a Christian or a social organization. Is it not advisable to put more tea in Boston or New York harbor, wholly of the gunpowder kind?

FREE CUBA.

THE CUBANS deserve their independence. It would be a crime on the part of this government to refuse to recognize their rights as belligerents. The Spaniards are angry because of the slight justice done them by this government. "The impudence," say they, "of the United States interfering in our glorious work of butchery!" Well, the butchery has gone on too long. It is time to be fair in behalf of justice. It is better than to be obsequious to barbarity that calls itself international law. The Cubans have fought longer and suffered more for their independence than we fought and suffered for ours. May their valor give them the final victory.

THE WIDOW O'TROUT ON DRAMATIC MUSIC.

WHIN me Cornaylia graduatid from th' grammary-school she was fer takin' singin'-lessons av Profissor Ragtaggio; an' no sooner did he git howld av her than he'd her head shtuffed full av goin' on th' shtage. "D'ye cahl that singin'?" says Oi. "Lettin' a succeshin av scraches out av yersilf that sounds loike th' brakin' av crockery! An' garglin' yer t'roat in th' froont parlor 'til Oi'm foorced t' call out t' ye that ye'd betther shput it up!" But divil a bit cud Oi shtop her; an' whin one Sunda' ther' was an advertoizemint in th' paper fer one hundhred young an' purty chorus-gurruls she'd me out av me bid an' dhressed an' down town av a Monda' mornin' wid her, lavin' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy wid th' washin' an' th' shtoor, hersilf bein' that bewilthered wid th' soap givin' out an' th' biler springin' a lake, an' th' childther runnin' ivery foive minutes askin' fer shtuffed cats an' glass marbles, thot she was foorced t' loy down on th' dhurty clo'es in th' middle av th' kitchin flure, lavin' th' hoydrant runnin', afther dhrinkin' nothin' but tay an' sody-wather, as she towld me hersilf, as is a respictable lady from th' county Shligo.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

MRS. NEWLYWED (*to her bachelor brother*)—"Bob, where's your diamond ring?"
BROTHER BOB—"Why—er—you see, Sue—my—hem"——
MRS. NEWLYWED (*scornfully*)—"Same old story, of course; your uncle 's got it."
BROTHER BOB—"Why, no, confound it, it's my little nephew this time; I let him take it to play with, yesterday, and he swallowed it."

A FATED SQUAW-MAN.

ALFALFA AL (*whose suicidal leap has been checked by a jutting rock, mournfully*)—"I saw thet arter she'd got me conwalessent frum th' rattler bite thet her intenshuns waren't honnerable an' I managed ter git noomony; but she nussed me outer thet, an' now thet this cussed rock hez spiled my leap-year program it's good bettin' thet she'll be roun' hyar wi' a lariat ter roun' me up ter th' matrermonial market fer keeps."

Whin mesilf an' Cornaylia rached th' tinimint where we was directhed we'd a crowd ahid av us rachin' out oover th' soidewalk, an' insoide th' dure was a man, blue wid th' cowld, an' havin' a pair av russet shoes on himsilf, an' a Faydora hat an' a shpring overcoat. He was makin' a spache half-way up th' shtairs, tellin' thot he hod only hired a room there timporary, an' th' landlady, as was a tailoress, hod thot minute locked him out av it, sayin' she was a respictable woman, an' didn't want no such gang of faymales about.

"Young ladies!" he says, fixin' his oye on me, "Oi riprisint th' Fay sisters burlesque company. Oi've me twinty-foive principals ingaged; all Oi want is one hundhred beautiful young ladies fer th' Amazon march. Th' costoom is helmits an' blouses, an' thim thot doesn't wish t' wear toights can wear bloomers; all Oi want is one dollar aych for use av th' costoom durin' rehearsal; an' all av yez thot haven't th' dollar can pay fifty cints on account an' watch fer me advertoizemint on Wedensday, as Oi'm goin' to hoire a hall."

Cornaylia was fer payin' th' money, but divil a cint wud Oi giv' her till Wedensday (if Oi did thin); an' whin we lift, himsilf was wroitin' blue resayts, th' soize av a post-stamp, on th' windy-sill at the ind av th' hall, an' th' faymale ommothones was toomblin' oover aych other t' pay him their money.

MADELINE ORVIS.

CERTAIN EVIDENCE.

"Do you know my wife?"
"No, I have not that pleasure."
"Pleasure? Now I know that you don't know her."

Photo. by Falk.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ISADORE RUSH.

You are the *Nineteenth* century's pet—
The Twentieth is not here yet.
But if you will insist, and play
The girl who still is far away,
All I can do is, to aver
You pay high compliments to her.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Proprietor (of paint-shop) — "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

Patsey — "Say, mister; wud tin cints' worth av grane paint be enough to cover Casey's goat?"

THY REGAL HEART.

RONDEAU.

THY regal heart, which I have dared to woo,
Sways such a gentle power, and subtly new,
That I, republican, am wrought to fall
On bended knee and there to offer all
My liberties to monarchy—in you.

Strange sceptre is it that can thus undo
My precepts hard and furnish me, in lieu,
A plot to build a throne and there install
Thy regal heart.

But, dear, I love the change; I love the view
Thy ways have opened, and I'll gladly strew
The way with blooms, that leads within thy hall;
But I'll conspire that you one day shall call
A consort to the throne that's built unto
Thy regal heart.

PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

A PHENOMENAL LIFE-PRESERVER.

MR. SPIEGELHEIM (*caught in a Mississippi flood*) — "It's a lucgky ding for me dot meinselluf und der insdrumendt vare alvays inseperaple, py chim!"

AN ENEMY FOR LIFE.

Giles — "What grudge has O'Toole against the board of health?"

Merritt — "They made him hang out a yellow flag on Saint Patrick's day."

SEE-SAW.

TOURIST (*up in the lumber region*) — "There doesn't seem to be much to see up here."

PRACTICAL RESIDENT — "No; but there's lots to saw."

WHY HE DOES IT.

HE BLOWS upon the cards for luck,
They say he is a chump;
And yet the angel Gabriel
Will some day blow the trump.

LACKED LIFE.

O'Brien — "Rather dull Saint Patrick's?"

O'Toole — "Faith, an' yer talkin'. Wakes is as scarce as four-lafe clovers."

UNINTENDED.

HE REMAINED a bachelor ever,
For he hated women, he said;
Yet he made one woman happy—
'Twas the one that he might have wed.

TWO EXCEPTIONS.

Quiz — "So you believe in the green every time?"

Pat — "Yis, sorr; ixcipt whin it's the grane apple or the grave."

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

IT IS a contrast too intense
To strike his intellect as funny;
At first he paid her compliments,
And now he pays her alimony.

MOSE (*in the rear*) — "Dat nigger seems ter t'ink he's powerful swell in dat collar.——

——I'll bet it am cellerloid, arter all.——

HE PUT IT TO THE PROOF.

——Dat's right!"

"FAIR AND ABOVE-BOARD."

MARJORIE'S POSER.

MARJORIE had been taken to visit a school for the deaf and dumb. With open-eyed astonishment she had watched them converse with their fingers. Returning home, her questions were so numerous that at last her mother said,

"Marjorie, the deaf and dumb can do everything that we can do except hear or talk with their mouths. Now do stop asking questions."

"But, mamma," said the child gravely, "just one more. How do they ever talk with their fingers in the dark?"

FOUND AT LAST.

Ted—"There's the green above the red for you."

Ned—"Where?"

Ted—"That red-headed Irishman with the shamrock in his hat."

AN EXTRACT FROM NORA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

OI WOR ot McCracken's dhance yistidy noight an' Oi hod a turble toime. Oi wor laffin' an' troyin' t' be dacint, whin Fratz th' bootcher sez, "Phwat a' open countinince she hov!" Oi gove him a luk av suprame contimpt an' closhed me hid.

Thin he comes in wid a pitcher in bot' hands an' a glash in th' uther, an' sez he, "Will yez hov beer er wather, Mish Murphy?" "Beer," sez Oi, an' he gove me wather!

Immajetly afther he sez t' Murty Clancy, "Thot crok'ry bootcher musht be a darther av Tippoo Tip's." "How?" sez Clancy. "Whoy, can't yez say she hov a cinch on th' oivry markhit?" Raly, Oi did be thinkin' he wor referrin' t' me tathe, an' Oi felt dangurshly woondid. So Oi tuk off me Oxford an' wint agin him. But Big Larry, th' p'lacemon, shteps in an' sez he, "Lave him t' his conschince an' me, Mish Murphy." "Oi'll lave him t' yersilf, Larry," sez Oi. Whin Larry wint bhack t' his bate Fratz wor gittin' fecaytious agin, so, thinkin' t' crush him wid wan bhlow, sez Oi, "Mishter Fratz, is th' cabbish th' nashnal flour av Gurminy?" "Yis," sez he; an' Oi didn't know phware t' put me hid. Thin he squeedged me arrum an' sez he, "Phwat do be makin' th' Atlanthic say s' grane?" Oi luked shtraight ferninst me. "So minny Oirish comin' over!" sez he. An' me heart wor fit t' busht, an' Oi wint home wid th' shtrate-car.

EDWARD CLAYTON SAVAGE.

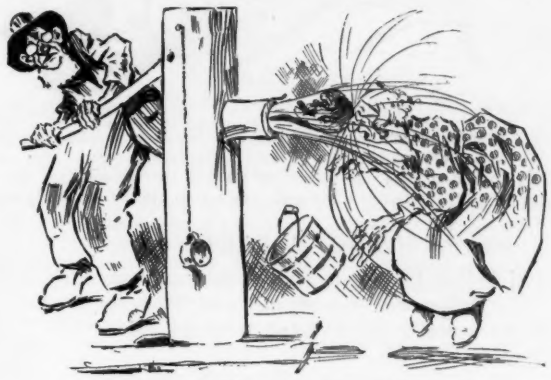
PREJUDICED.

Knowitszo—"Why have you discarded the Darwinian theory?"

New woman—"The men seem to know so much less than their presumed ancestors."

A CLOSE FIT.

UNCLE SI—"I dew think the well has gone dry."



THE CAT—"Not a bit of it, pard——

——as I can well testify."

A THOROUGH-BRED ECONOMIST.

COHEN (*who has reluctantly dropped in a nickel*)—"Ain'd dot Gilmore's bandt lofely, R-rebecca?"
THE ATTENDANT—"Sufferin' camels! ef he ain't even rung in ther twins."

REVELATION.

AN AUTHOR has no idea of the volume of his literary productions until the publication of his manuscripts after his death.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

Judge—"This man says you assaulted him, Pat. Did he tread on the tail of your coat?"

Pat—"No, yer honer."

Judge—"Then what made you hit him?"

Pat—"Bekase he didn't trid on it, be jabers!"

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Mr. Tiff—"I want to ask one question, my dear, since you are so deeply interested in the emancipation of woman."

Mrs. Tiff—"Go on."

Mr. Tiff—"In the newspaper of the future will the marriage-notices be put on the men's page?"

LOOKING FOR INFORMATION.

MRS. FIDGITS (*to individual who has been watching her house for an hour*)—"Do you want anything?"

WEARY WRAGGLES—"I want infermation, mum. Jes' ez I got in front uv yer house suthin' seemed ter whisper ter me, 'Bull-dog, bull-dog'; an' ag'in, suthin' seemed ter whisper ter me, 'Angel-cake, angel-cake.' Now ef it's bull-dog, lady, *say* so, an' I'll come right in; but ef it's angel-cake *say* so, an' I'll move right on."

MIXED.

AN EDINBURGH minister preached one Sunday in a country church. At noon the elder heard one old woman say to another, "Hoo liket ye the sermon to-day?"

"Vera weel; but I didna ken til noo thot Sodom and Gomarrah wasna mon and wife."

The elder told the parson, who was so tickled that he told the story at his next dinner-party. A simpering young woman commented, "Oh, well, I suppose they ought to have been if they were not."

SAD.

Mr. Oldboy—"I understand, Miss Reckless, that you intend learning to ride the bicycle?"

Miss Reckless—"Yes, Mr. Oldboy; I am thinking of it. The bicycle is a noble machine—don't you think so? Its coming has taught people so much of the value of exercise—of the delights of spinning along fresh country roads, and—and"——

Mr. Oldboy—"And it has been the cause of many an untimely death, Miss Reckless. I consider that the advent of the bicycle was a case of come wheel come woe."

A RISING MARKET.

"I WISH I'd bought an umbrella yesterday before this rain began," said Skidmore as he watched the downfall from his office-window.

"Can't you buy one yet?" asked Kilduff.

"Yes; but umbrellas are up to-day."

WHY HE WASN'T THERE.

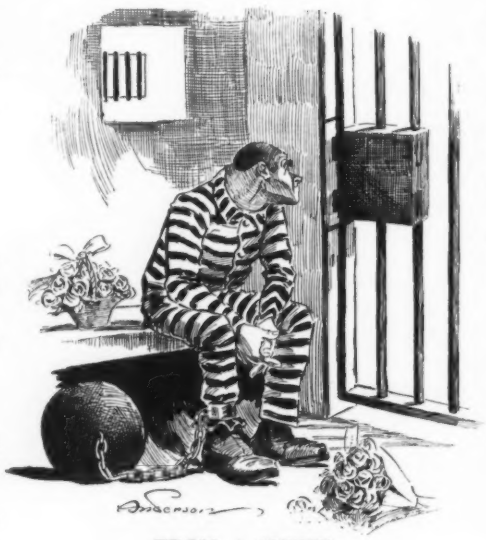
Mrs. Cobwigger—"I didn't see your husband in the parade, Mrs. O'Brien. How was that?"

Mrs. O'Brien—"Shure, Oi cudn't kape him in th' house on Saint Pathrick's ave."

MAKING PROGRESS.

Miss Young (enthusiastically)—"Oh, Miss Timer is so lovely, so intellectual! Not in her first youth, you know, but"——

Miss Stager—"No; but from what I have learned about her I should think she must be well on in her second childhood."



FROM A NOVEL.

"A feeling of security came over him."

A SERMON.

IT IS best to remember when starting out, Pat,
That the greatest of pleasure can only be found
By keeping the brick-bat away from your hat
And by letting your coat never trail on the ground.

THE BARGAIN-COUNTER CHARM.

"I CAN'T understand why that young Saphed is so popular with the ladies."

"Did you never observe how cheap he looks?"

REVENGE IS SWEET.

UNCLE CRUSTY (*driven to distraction*)—"Ah, Willie, that's a nice big drum your mamma gave you for your birthday, and it makes a nice big noise. Now I'll give you this silver dollar if you'll find out where the noise comes from."

WILLIE'S MOTHER (*ten minutes later*)—"So you burst in the head of your nice new drum to find out where the noise came from, did you?" (*Whack, whack!*)

UNCLE CRUSTY (*to himself*)—"Ha, ha! A quietus on the drum and a slipper on the kid."

THOUGHTS THAT BURN.

"I SEND to you some thoughts that burn,"
The poet wrote with poet's pride.
The editor renewed his fire,
And as he watched the flames leap higher,
"You did, indeed!" replied.

THE UNCONSCIOUS PROOF.

WHEN the daughters of the revolution met in Washington some of the leading spirits felt that some of their credentials were not genuine and sufficient; but after a few meetings, and seeing their warlike spirit, they knew they were from the real old fighting-stock.

It does look fit for a dime-museum——

——but it wouldn't do to tell its father so.

WHICH?

YOUNG Mr. Spatts sat in Miss Irene Gazzam's parlor, anxiously awaiting the young lady. She had promised him her answer that night, and he was wondering whether that answer would make him the happiest of mortal men or plunge him in misery. As she delayed her coming he mused,

"I wonder if she is making up her complexion or her mind?"

A LENTEN OBSERVANCE.

NOW hushed days of Lent are with us,
When indulgence is a sin;
Pious ladies clothe in sack-cloth—
In most cases of seal-skin.

NO SNAKE THEN.

Murphy—"Saint Pathrick wuz a foine gintlemon, but it's a thousand pities he wuzn't bor-rn ages afore."

Giles—"How do you make that out?"

Murphy—"Shure, ef he'd bin in the garden av Adin a pure divil loike me wudn't be wur-rk-in' his vitils owt iviry day in the gas-house, arl on account av the curse av Adam."

AN ARMY NOTE.

"A 'spirited' charge, the furious onslaught of which brought mine enemy to his knees, gave me ample time to get 'loaded.'"

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

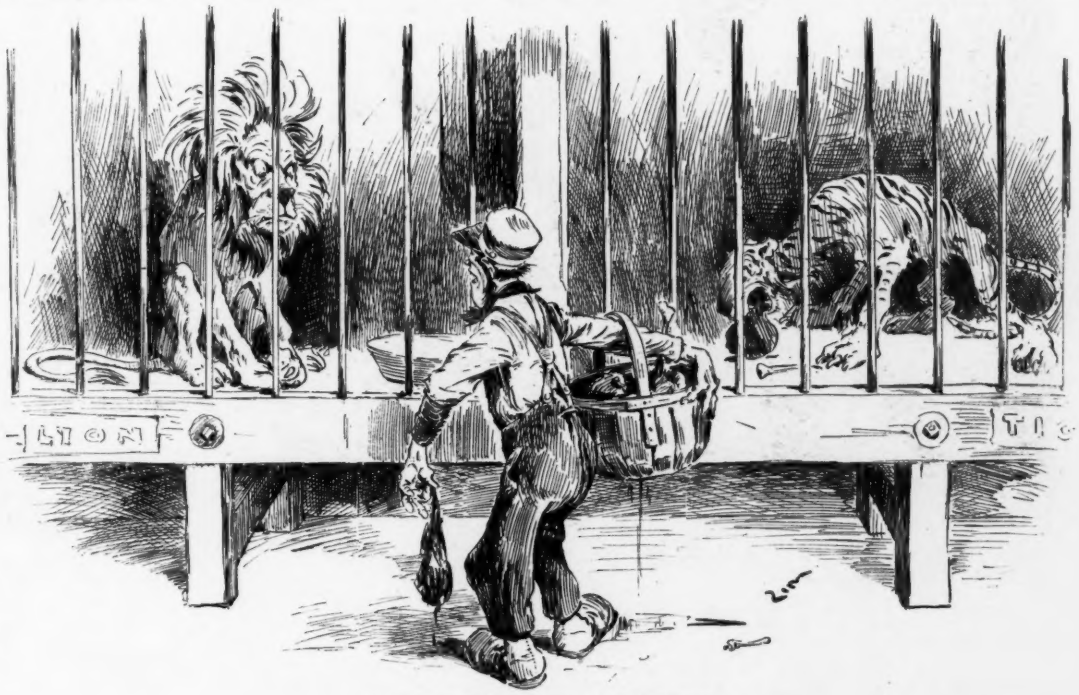
THE drums came rolling up the wind, with peevish pipes between;
Then rose the sweet old melody, "The wearing of the green,"
And Nora dropped the dusting-brush and hastened to the street
(First stopping at the looking-glass to make her ringlets neat).
But suddenly she crushed a sob that swelled her milky throat,
For, marching with the merry men, a shamrock in his coat,
She saw the blue-eyed Irish lad who stole her heart away
In county Clare, across the sea, upon Saint Patrick's day.

Then like a lovely mirage thrown before her homesick eyes
She saw, with thatched and mossy roof, her native cabin rise.
She felt the morning's gleeful wind entangled in her hair,
And lightly trod the springy turf, with rosy ankles bare;
And leaning by the village well she watched with sparkling eye
Among Saint Patrick's gallant sons her sweetheart marching by.
Her bosom swelled with loving pride, he looked so bold and gay;
He played "The wearing of the green" upon Saint Patrick's day.

At twilight, by the broken stile beneath the windy boughs,
They kept anew their happy tryst and vowed their tender vows.
He whispered of a tiny cot, a garden-patch before.
And flowers that waited but her smile to wreathe the lowly door;
And homeward in the moon they went, with all their dreams of bliss,
And plighted there a solemn troth and sealed it with a kiss;
And when he planned the bridal out she did not say him nay—
"Oh, we shall dwell together, dear, by next Saint Patrick's day!"

Adown the haunted hill that night, and through the moonlit vale,
And three times three at Nora's door they heard the banshee wail;
And ere the moon was young again they broke the churchyard mould
To hide beneath the April sod his curls of chestnut-gold.
Our Nora is a laughing lass, and this is why, I ween,
She wept to hear it played again—"The wearing of the green"—
And seemed to see the blue-eyed lad who stole her heart away
In county Clare, across the sea, upon Saint Patrick's day.

MINNA IRVING.



A PARTISAN AND A PATRIOT.

PAT (*addressing the lion and feeding the tiger*)—"Yell yersilf t' death, yez ould blaggar-rd! Oi'll not neglict th' proide av Tammany fer th' loikes av any bastely English ripresintative, be gorry!"

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

THE POLITICAL ST. PAT

The gold-bugs and the free-silverites of the Democra

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADES.
the Democratic party meet. Now look out for a great fight.

WITH THE MINSTRELS.

"SAY, Mose, duz yo' fink dat when Adam got dat rib turned into a woman dat was de important business ob his life?"

"Ob co'se it was."

"Well, it wasn't. Dat was only a side issue."

"Ya, ya; but, Bones, which side did she come out ob, eh?"

"De same side woman allus comes around him on. De blind side."

"Ya, ya; but say, it's mighty lucky it stop whar it did."

"Why, Mose?"

"Bekase I know some fellers would kep' at it as long as dar ribs held out, an' den try to work up some er der backbone."

"Golly, yo's right! Ketch de key an' sing 'Dar's frost on de garden gate.'"

FOR WINTER USE.

JUDGE'S patent sled-coasting-bicycle for winter riding.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY RALLY IN HOOLIGAN'S BACK ROOM.

O Grady (chairman)—"Musther McMullin an 'Th' dhay we cilibrate.'"

McMullin—"Felly Oirishmin an' Amurikins, it do be fillin' me sowl wid deloight t' be in th' middle av yez this avenin'. Whin Oi do be thinkin' av ould Oireland me t'roat dhraps inty me mout' an' me hart is ovherflowin' wid uttherance. Th' wur-ruld is agin an Oirishman, b't loike a bhy wid a bladther toied t' th' nick av 'im, th' divil hissel cudn't dhrownd 'im. Th' Ah. Pay. Ahs. an' th' sons av King Willum do be ivryphware ferninst us, throyin' t' squeedge out th' discindints av Brian Bhoru, b't, hivin blesh th' boones av Saint Pathrick! Amuriky hov a p'lace foorce an' th' Oirish do be afther hovin' it. Yis, an' be th' powers! dhey hov th' boord av wur-ruks. Now, phwat 'd a tarrier be, gintlemin av th' joory? A tarrier 's a mon phwat shmokes a dugeen an' hov a heriditary jhob an th' boord of wur-ruks.

"Oh, felly-cithigens! me sowl screedges wid glory whin Oi walks th' shtrates av a Tuesday marnin' an' t' behould th' tarriers wid th' hods av thim, loike th' angels av Jocob's ladther be th' boible, ashendin' an' dayshendin'. An', be jabers, th' tarrier bates th' angels, fur he do be afther gittin' his twilve shillin' th' dhay. Thrust th' tarrier fur thot.

"Sez Oi wid me dovin' brith, 'Dhown wid th' Sashenach an' ould Oireland furiver!' An' ther be won ferninst me phwat 'd be afther pledgin' Saint Pathrick in a glash av th' crathur, Oi'll be not avarse t' wettin' me whussle be th' same token."

O'Grady—"McMullin, yer a joint! Bar-tinther, usquebaugh fur sivin."

E. C. S.

MOTHERLY PRIDE AND FATHERLY SOLICITUDE.

MRS. MURPHY—"Luk ot th' little angel troyin' t' git th' can av tomatoes, Pat! He's thot intelligint he knows dere's suthin' good insoide av it."

MR. MURPHY (*suspiciously observant*)—"Thot's an impty can, Mary Ann; perhops th' little divil 's only marked afther Casey's goat."

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PRISCILLA'S cheeks are cold and hard,
Withal they're pink and pretty
She 's tender eyes and laughing mouth,
But neither wise nor witty.

Her hair is golden as the sun,
It is not soft or waving;
She's up to date—o'er women's rights
I've never heard her raving.

Her dress is of the latest style,
Priscilla never flaunts it;
And though she sees a stylish hat
She ne'er insists she wants it.

If in her presence you should swear,
With dread she'd not look at you—
Because my dear Priscilla is
A parlor-mantel statue.

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And then the watch ran down.
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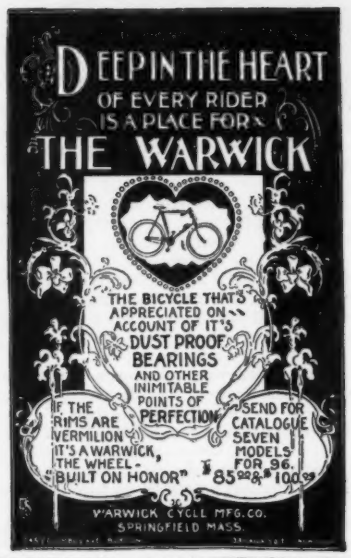

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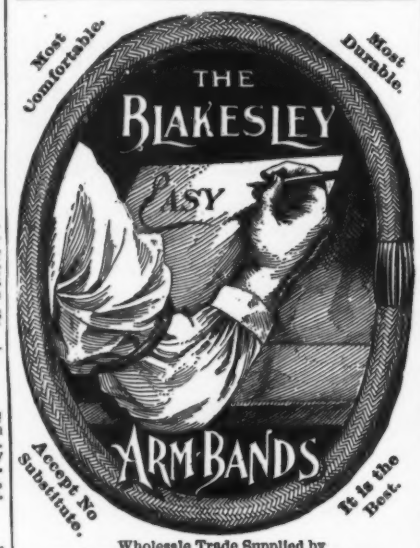

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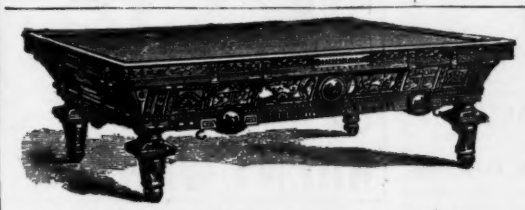

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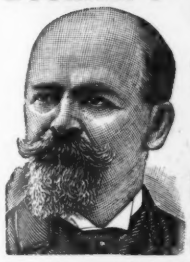
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Painting that shamrock-shaped three-ball-sign green was making a great hit, and would have brought him much trade had not his little son Ikey spoiled all in being detected trying to pin a trade-ad under the shamrock on the flag.

—A LIFELIKE PORTRAIT OF ST. PATRICK CONTEMPLATING HIS EVICTIONS—

GRAND-MARSHAL FLYNN—"Maik it as grane as yez kin, Murrillo fur I'm t' be th' chafe *shamrock* o' th' percission!"

SERGEANT MCGINTY—"Carr-porill Casey! Dis-arrm! Git a clane shave an' returrn t' th' ranks! Be hivins, any Oirishman that wud wear red whiskers over a grane rositte ought t' be coort-martialled!"

CAPTAIN CLANCY (*as an orange-vender wheels in front of the parade*)—"Shades of th' Boyne! Th' affront of that Sassenach! Attenshin-n-n! Be th' double quick—char-r-r-ge!"

MARSHAL O'HARRITY (*toasting at the banquet*)—"Members av th' Brannigan battalyun! Me only regrit av this evintful day is that th' only *Oirish* harp-players av th' manny bands wor Oitalians!"

PROFESSOR FANGS (*as the band goes by the museum playing "St. Patrick's Day"*)—"Close yer doors an' windys; shut out dat tune entirely, Crawley! I can't hold dese snakes anny longer!"

It would have gone hard with the boy who peppered Major McManus's charger, had it not gone so hard with those in the vicinity of that fire-y steed.

Moses Levinsky will try to sell no more Pharaoh's serpents on St. Patrick's day.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY NOTES.